

### A New Novel Borrowed Husbands

**A Married Life**  
Story Written By  
Michael K. Barbour

**LXVII—THE CRISIS.**

Nancy stood staring in amazement at the paper in her hand.

"What on earth does it mean?" she gasped.

Dr. Langwell took it from her, and read it in a business-like way. His crisp, decisive, professional manner had descended on him like a cloak.

"Who is Connie?" he asked.

"Curtis Stanley's wife," Nancy answered absently.

"She would be likely to have intimate knowledge of your affairs?"

Nancy made a little helpless gesture.

"Connie would make it her business to have."

The doctor smiled grimly.

"Nice person, Connie," he remarked.

"But what could she mean by this ridiculous message?" Nancy persisted. "Why tell me to be brave? And why, above all else, come to Chicago? Aren't there enough of my kind in the city already?"

The doctor smiled.

"I should say there were too damned many," he said softly; and so softly that Edith, who had stopped playing, and sat on the piano bench watching Nancy distressedly, did not hear.

"I suppose," said Nancy with a sigh, "that the wretched Lewis baby has burned up my apartment playing with matches. Or else Sempronia has died of shock after looking at his own portrait. You can't be too careful of the nerves of a Felsan cat!"

"Nancy," began Edith, hesitatingly, "you don't think—you don't suppose that something has happened to your husband?"

A little pang of fear shot through Nancy, but with the doctor's quick eyes directed on her, and mistaking that he knew of the check found in Fleurrette's handbag, she managed a careless shrug.

"Hardly," she remarked flippantly. "Besides, why should Connie be informed, and I his rightful widow," she even essayed a little laugh, "be left in the dark?"

Edith looked shocked, but the doctor chuckled.

"It would rather simplify matters for you where our friend the major is concerned."

Nancy shrugged, and crushed the telegram into a little ball.

"Oh, well, I shan't let it spoil my dinner. I'll just have to wait until Connie shows up and deigns an explanation."

"Good girl!" said the doctor, approvingly. "That's the stuff. Didn't I tell you you would make a good nurse?"

"One like Miss Dean?" queried Nancy demurely.

The doctor looked at her squarely. Again he wore that inscrutable expression that reminded her so much of the little image of Buddha on a teakwood tabouret in her sitting-room in New York.

Edith rose from the piano and came over to Nancy, laying her slim white hands on the latter's equally white shoulders.

"My dear, I hope it's not bad news," she said anxiously. "But I don't like to hear you speak so lightly about your husband. He has gone on a long and dangerous journey. Something might happen to him, you know."

Looking into Edith's eyes, Nancy saw there a terrible fear, the dread that walked by Edith's side, that somehow, somewhere, sometime, Langwell might be taken from her.

"To think of loving like that—how beautiful—how awful," thought Nancy.

"Well, let's go in to dinner," suggested the doctor. "We will be better fortified to meet disaster."

Edith shivered and glanced about for her scarf.

"There seems to be an evil spell on this house party. First, the accident yesterday, and now this."

As if to emphasize her words, Miss Dean, the nurse, appeared in the doorway. Her maddening efficiency was temporarily absent.

"I think you'd better come, doctor. The patient—"

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## The Boys and Girls' Herald

Prices Free With The Big Herald  
MARCH 28, 1921.  
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### Rural Comedy To Be Enacted By Boy Scouts

A barrel full of ghosts, baseball in a grocery store, a He-brew crook from the city, and the worst boy in the county, are some of the scenes which will be shown by members of Troop 64 in a Country Boy Scout comedy drama at the Thompson School, Wednesday, March 30.

Those boys in the cast are: Ted Bad Country Boy, Herbert Elliot, A Black Roustabout, Freddie Pyles, The Owner of the Coal Mines, Joseph Shaferos, Manager of the Supply Store, Lloyd Norris, The Judge's Son, Theodore Sullivan, A Hebrew Crook from the City, Louis Samonick, A Chinese Laundryman, Alfred McDonald, Huck's Chum, Harry Browdy, A Musical Genius, Herald Hirst, A Little Hunter, Franklin Bagland, A Little War, Rat, Carl Emory Hirst, The Educationator, John Thies, A Breaker Boy, Raymond Porter, and One of the Gang, Joseph Tait.

The play is under the direction of A. W. Hirst, A Boy Scout song and drill, with Old Glory as witness, will conclude the evening's pleasure.

A father and son banquet will be held by Troop 15, of Cleveland Park, on Friday evening, April 1, at the Cleveland Park Presbyterian Church. William Knowles Cooper will speak.

### Spring Is Here Again.

(By John R. Whiting, 15 years, Emerson Institute.)

I'm perfectly sure that Spring is here,  
Because the trees are beginning to bud,  
And boys already are hurling the sphere  
On grass, dry ground or in the mud.

### Daily Hardknut.

One twelfth of a foot with judgment transposed;  
The answer you'll find right under your nose.  
(Answer to last one: Basketball, cycling, baseball.)

### Hand-Me-Downs.

"So your daddy's got a new set of false teeth, has he? What's he going to do with the old ones?"

"Oh, I expect mummy will cut them down for me later on."

### Nuts to Crack.

Why is a dog like a tree?  
[Answer: The last one: "What flower most resembles a bull's mouth?"—A cowslip (cow's lip).]

### Today's Great Person.

**March 28—Your Birthday!**

Jacob H. Gallinger, a United States Senator. He was born at Cornwall, Ont., Canada, Tuesday, March 28, 1837. For a while he was engaged in the medical profession, and was a contributor to the medical journals. In 1875 he became a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, and later became a Senator. His home was Concord, N. H.

### Deductions of Harvey Hunt

By Philip Francis Nowlan.

Bateman Cadwin, clubman, admitted having been with Nan Edlering when she died. The glass containing poisoned champagne found near the dead woman's hand, made it look bad for Cadwin.

Finger-prints on the glass were those of the woman.

Thomas Sturmy, a young detective, who had arrested Cadwin, was called by Hunt, when he said the police had not carefully examined the rim of the glass. He advised the release of Cadwin and the arrest of Dr. Sommers, who was known to have visited the woman an hour previous to her death. Read below how Hunt knew Cadwin was not the murderer.

**LXIX.**

"Tom," said Harvey Hunt, in explaining the mystery of "Twixt Cup and Lip," "Nan Edlering didn't die from drinking poison out of that glass, though she did die from the same kind of poison that was in the glass. In fact, nobody drank anything out of that glass. You ought to know that."

"Why?" asked the young detective, suddenly subdued by the feeling that he had blundered somewhere.

"You've made just the same mistake that Dr. Sommers made," Hunt continued. "You just looked for finger prints. He only thought of touching the dead woman's finger to the glass. You know that you can't touch your lips to a glass without leaving a mark on the rim? If there was none on that glass, nobody drank out of it, and Cadwin probably was telling the truth in saying that she hadn't been drinking."

"Now here's what you will find happened," Dr. Sommers poisoned that woman. He did it by administering to her that instantaneous deadly dose in a capsule, in the guise of medicine. She didn't die until it melted in her stomach and released the contents. If it was a very thick capsule, the night takes an hour. Sommers saw Cadwin go in after he left, and conceived the plan of making him look like the murderer. When Cadwin left hurriedly he knew the woman had died,

### Lions to Roar As Kids Roll Easter Eggs

Vari-colored eggs, initial suits with "long trousers" worn by cheery young men, young girls whose long dresses now entitle them to be called misses, and rather old people may be seen indulging in egg-plucking on the Monument Grounds, Zoological Park and the Soldiers' Home Grounds today—if you old Goddess of Weather so desires.

While the kiddies roll their Easter eggs at the Zoological Park, the Boy Scout Band of Washington, under the direction of James L. Kidwell, will play a concert between 10 and 1 o'clock. Members of the band will be seated south of the lion house and the music played by them will easily be heard over the roars of the pleased lions.

Next Monday marks a day full of fun and laughter for the oldest to the youngest; a day which stands apart from the rest of the holidays, when the whole of Washington will look like a big, laughing, happy alley, minus the haughtiness and indifference of the real thing.

### Club Activities Told By Central High Girl

(By Louise Hancock, 15 years, Central High School.)

One year ago the girls of Rock Creek Church road organized the summer we gave several parties. In June we had a lawn fete and made about \$15; and later, in the fall, we gave a play called "The Three Lemons."

The club has eight members: Josephine Finney, Louise Hancock, Lenora Water, Helen Macdonald, and Margaret McEliff. Minnie Dent Ross and Louise Vogel. Our mascot is a little baby boy, "Micky" Frank Ross.

Next Wednesday, March 30, the club will give a party, celebrating its first anniversary.

### A Familiar Quotation.

(Who wrote it?)

There is a reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

Last one:  
Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.  
—Hardy Coleridge, "She Is Not Fair."

### New York City Day By Day Impressions

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 27.—A page from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys: Up and quiet that my wife should rip up some old faults and to see Mr. Gibson, the artist; a gentleman whom I honor mightily. F. Casey there too, and told a droll story of an Irishman which I cannot repeat.

Stopped to see J. Kaufman, the chronicler, and he gave me a volume called "Cassandria" which I promised to read yet I cannot center my thoughts on reading of late. There is great talk in the city of the optimistic high prices and I hope Mr. Lord Warren will do something in the matter.

It is pretty to see the tulips growing in the home windows, and the bravest flower I know. Meeting Doh Clark we had a bit of meat and he told me of the new screening job he has taken and how he could not be happy away from the newspaper shops.

Home and with a little work done walked up the avenue, crowded with people cutting the brave sunshine and I saw Mr. Edison who steps quickly and Mr. Sabine, the banker, and Mr. McCormack, the stoker.

In the evening with Lew Cody and R. Long to a dance. A. Bedell gave for his working people a mighty fine time, too, dancing and singing and Lew spoke a piece and a fellow, a shipping clerk he was, whistled the best ever I heard. Then home and to bed, sleeping well.

Broadway hears that Channing Pollock nearly ended his pilgrimage to Egypt in Algeria. In Italy he ran out of tobacco and had to send home for some. Hotels were advertising bath every Sunday night as an inducement to Americans. In Algeria Mr. Pollock and his party decided that they had had enough. So they decided to have a final fling in an Algerian restaurant and start home. The Algerian restaurant, a voice in English said:

"Well, Mr. Pollock, what are you doing here? Can I get anything for you?"

Mr. Pollock replied that he could, and then he recognized the voice of a former headwaiter of the Friars Club. He ordered six sets of diners for each member of the party and decided that Africa was not so bad and resumed the trip to Egypt.

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